Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very ioyful,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lordes?

Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Whie, then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countriemen,
The leasure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whome we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,
Aduaunce your standards, drawe your willing swordes,
For me, the raunsome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this could corps on the earths cold face.

But

But if I thriue, the gaine of m
The least of you, shall share h
Sound drummes and trumpe
God, and Saint George, Rich

Enter King

King. What said Northum

Rat. That he was neuer tr

King He said the trueth an

Rat. He smiled and said, th

King. He was in the right,
Tell the clocke there.
Giue me a calender, who saw

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to
He should haue braud the Ea
A blacke day will it be to som

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not
The skie doeth frowne, and lo
I would these dewie teares we
Not shine to day: whie, what
More then to Richmond, for t
That frownes on me, lookes fa

Enter

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lo

King. Come, bustle, bustle
Call vp Lord Standlie, bid him
I will leade forth, my souldiers
And thus my battaile shall be o
My foreward shall be drawen o
Consisting equallie of horse an
Our Archers shall be placed in
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Tho
shall haue the leading of this fo
They thus directed, we will fo
In the matne battle, whose pu
shall be well winged with our c
This, and Saint George to boo